

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

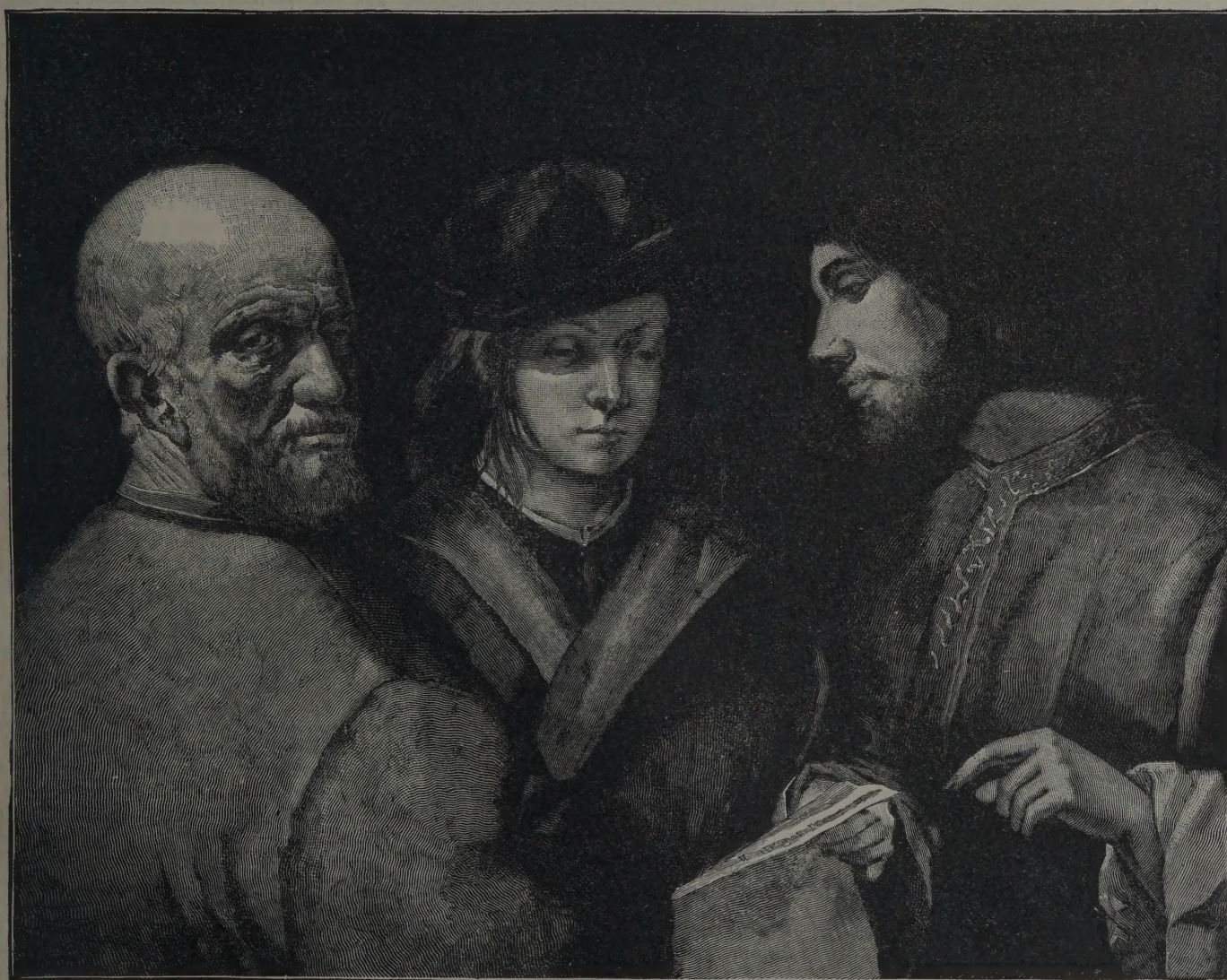
CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. V.—No. 6.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 24, 1889.

{ Entered as second-class
mail matter.



THE THREE AGES OF MAN.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

AMBER.

BY H. K.

Translated from the German of E. Schirmacher, for
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, by Katharine A. Hagar.



AX, Max, come back!"

Max sprang toward the speaker, his teacher, Herr Candidate Mülke.

"Don't you see that notice? Entrance there is forbidden."

"Oh, Herr Candidate, I've often been where I have seen these notices."

"You should not have gone," the Counsellor of Commerce, Herr Wohlauf, the oldest of the little company, now spoke. He was making a pedestrian tour through the north of Prussia with his two sons Oscar and Max, accompanied by their friend Dietrich and the Herr Candidate, and they were now on the coast of Samland, for they desired to learn something of the work of getting amber.

"Look," continued Herr Mülke, "the notice is placed there for your protection. The edge of the cliff is full of cracks, and a sudden slide might be caused by the least movement; a man stepping on it might start it."

While he was speaking, the travellers had passed one by one over a safe pathway supported by props and beams. A cry of joyful astonishment came from the boys. And strange, indeed, was the scene before them, bounded by the wide blue sea. A great number of men were moving about apparently aimless and confused, in a deep ravine nearly a hundred feet in width, extending into the steep side of the cliff.

"They look like a multitude of ants," observed the earnest Oscar; while Max and Dietrich asked, "What are all these men doing?"

"They are digging for amber," answered the Candidate. "Do you observe the different stratifications on the rugged, precipitous shore?"

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Oscar. "Above, yellow, that is sand; then brown, then green. These are the different deposits."

"Exactly. The wide rows show the different periods in the earth's formation. The brown layer encloses coal; the broader of a dark-green hue is called Glauconite, or Green-sand, in which the amber is found. Do you observe the small dark stripes which seem to pierce through this?"

"The blue clay," said Oscar.

"You remember what I have told you; but has Max forgotten everything?"

"Oh, no," cried Max. "The blue clay includes the remains of the forest from whose trees the amber exuded like rosin."

"What kinds of trees?"

"Various kinds," said Max.

Dietrich came to his aid by repeating, "Larches, also pine, and a few deciduous trees."

"Why is it thought to be rosin?"

"From the insects enclosed," answered Oscar.

"I have a piece in my collection of minerals; it is a little beetle in a yellow drop, like a tear. Also another piece which appears as though a drop already hardened had been surrounded and enclosed by a fresh mass; it looks like a pin imbedded in transparent stone."

The confused picture at the feet of the travellers seemed to unfold before their eyes as they looked more closely, following the course of the men at their work, who stood in long rows, putting their

spades carefully into the bluish-gray stratum of clay. If the man digging felt anything hard, he stopped at once, so that he could extricate from the surrounding clay the piece he had hit with his spade. He passed it to the man standing behind him, who carefully cleaned the clay from the amber, and then placed it in a sack; several were already full.

In another place, the men were carting away the loam, so as to reach the amber-bearing stratum. This loam already appeared like a small peninsula, stretching out into the sea. Farther inland, other workmen were enlarging by their digging the semi-circular pit which had been formed opposite the shore by their excavation. They were also beginning to place props in the declivity, so as to obtain clay from the centre of the hill.

The overseer, seeing the travellers, came from the crowd of workmen, and gave them much valuable information.

"Our mining," he explained, "is the earliest begun on this coast, and will probably share the fate of those at Neukuh, Lappehn, and others, which after a short time of profit were filled up with earth by the autumn storms. As you perceive, the blue stratum lies very deep; deeper than the smooth surface of the sea. The dyke we have raised of sand will protect us for a few years; it would cost too much to put up stronger barriers. Nothing threatens us just now, so we are hard at work with about one hundred and fifty men."

"This 'blue clay' of the stratum containing amber lies at different depths under the surface of the land. While here it is almost at the level of the sea, inland it is deeper under ground; and from this we conclude that in the sea we shall find it on the surface of the earth below the water. The channels in which it lies are worn by the waves, and the pieces of amber, either clear or surrounded by seaweed, are thrown upon the shore. Storms, especially from the north, drive it in, in large quantities. As soon as the storm is over and fair weather sets in, the inhabitants wade into the water with long spears, forks, and scoops, to draw out the pieces of amber enclosed in the stones and seaweed. Sometimes four to six men go out in a boat to search the bottom of the sea with long pointed sticks. The scoops or bag-nets they use resemble butterfly-nets."

"However large the quantity found after a storm, the men know that many pieces after being driven to the coast are washed away by the under-currents. In order not to let this amber escape, the boldest and strongest are often at work during the furious storms, fishing for it in the midst of the breakers. They stand up to their waist in the foaming water, against whose might they with difficulty brace themselves. But their toil and danger are often rewarded with precious pieces of the shining sea-gold, that in olden times was treasured as though it was really as valuable as gold. In old legends the water-fairy—the amber-witch—deceived the valiant man who sought to pull the shining treasure from the black flood, and spitefully carried him down into the abyss. If her disfavor continued, it was proof that she desired an offering; and she only gave rich treasure when an inhabitant of the place was found dead in the billows."

"Sometimes during a favorable season an extraordinary amount of amber is found. For instance in 1862, on the coast at the villages Nodam and Palmnick, four thousand pounds of amber, worth forty-two thousand thalers, were gathered during one autumn night."

"Four thousand pounds!" exclaimed Herr

Wohlauf, in great astonishment. "And how much then was the amount for the whole year?"

The inspector answered, "On the Prussian coast, from Dantzic to Memel, about sixty thousand pounds. By the use of fifteen steam-dredges at Schwargort, which bring up the loose amber with the mud from the bottom of Kurischen Bay, about seventy-five thousand pounds, valued at one hundred and eighty thousand thalers, were procured. If we reckon with this the amount obtained at the works in the mountain at Palmnick, and some smaller mines in Finland, the whole yield is probably two hundred thousand pounds a year."

"But what becomes of this quantity?" exclaimed the astonished Max.

"Do you not remember? I explained it to you before," interrupted the Candidate. "The better pieces are manufactured into ornaments and fancy articles like chessmen; these are especially prized in the East, and formerly they were much used. The Phenicians, and many other mariners, brought amber from the coast of the North Sea. Later it was taken by the Baltic Sea, and carried through the country to the South, even as far as India; and coins from these distant countries are found even now, which corroborate the stories of the old traffic here."

"The smallest pieces of amber are used as mouth-pieces for pipes, from which it derives its German name,—as Bernstein, Bornstein, burning-stone. The most beautiful and durable varnish for doors and other ornaments is prepared from it."

While they were talking, the travellers had examined the works. "To-morrow," observed the friendly inspector, "the young gentlemen will enjoy a trip to the diving at Brusterort, which will recompense them a little for looking over this work of digging and cleansing the amber."

"Think of all this!" Herr Wohlauf admonished them as they walked along. "This is the only place in the whole world in which amber is obtained."

The Candidate added, "Except a small amount from Sicily, and a few places on the coast of Judland, Siberia, and North America."

Max dreamed that night of standing in the breakers with the men, fishing for amber, and of pulling out of the wild waves wonderful pieces as large as his head.

The weather favored the travellers, so that the next day they could visit the diving-works at Brusterort. The air was clear, the water transparent. Well pleased, they stepped into the boat, which carried them out to the place where stood the pump, through which, often to a depth of from forty to fifty-feet, the air is carried through a rubber tube to the divers at the bottom of the sea. The boys looked with wonder at the equipment of the men, as they slipped into the air-tight rubber clothing, at the top of which was an enormous copper helmet with glass eyes, and a knapsack also of copper, into which the air-tube opened and was screwed on. In order to descend, the diver buckled heavy leaden soles on his feet, which he disengaged for ascent. So equipped, he stepped into the water, and soon began to crawl over the ground, like some creeping sea-monster, in his fatiguing work of collecting amber.

Of course this work is only possible on perfectly clear days, for at this depth in the water there is only a faint glimmer of light, and every wave disturbs the outlook of the men in the boat, who must follow the diver so that he can receive air from them.

Max was much amused with the copper helmet. At a later visit to a work-shop, where the necessary articles were manufactured, he, at his own urgent desire, was crowned with a similar one; but he freed himself from it as soon as possible, for he tottered under the weight of the head-ornament. "Take it off! I had not thought it so heavy," he cried out in consternation.

The revolving light from the light-house on the shore streamed out, guiding the different flotillas in the distance, which made a gay appearance as they moved hither and thither. The travellers watched the descent and ascent of the muffled, uncomfortable-looking figures, with high backs and giant heads; the incessant activity of the workers at the pumps; the passing backward and forward of the skiffs which brought fresh divers out, or took back to the beach the wearied ones with the amber they had procured; the busy overseers who received the men; the hurrying drags and carts; the blue, peaceful sea, —and over all the serene, smiling sun of heaven. All this presented a wonderful picture of strange life and work in a strange part of the earth; once seen, the memory of it never could disappear.

"Come, it is time we must leave, if we intend to go to-day to Palmnick."

"Oh, Herr Candidate!" cried the boys, "it is so beautiful here." But Herr Wohlauf agreed with the teacher, and they started in a carriage for Kraxtepell, where lodgings had been secured for the party; they preferred, however, to walk the last part of the way. They observed a notice forbidding entrance into a place supported by props, and a little farther on, in a crevice of the earth, a forsaken shaft had caved in.

Herr Wohlauf went to the superintendent's office, to show him the permit to enter the mine which he had brought, while the boys slipped on some rough suits belonging to the workmen. The gentlemen put on similar clothing, and they all entered the pit.

Here deep darkness reigned. The glimmer of the mining-lamps, the light ripple of the water dropping through the timber-work, the distant hammering and scraping, the hollow rolling of the delivery-wagons, the inhalation of the cool, moist air,—all this impressed them more deeply, as they contrasted it with the pleasant animated scene of the Bruster point.

Stepping into one of the buckets used for bringing the amber to the surface, our travellers descended to the bottom of the pit. They were shown through some of the most frequented of the low pathways. At times, the former bed of a river lay across the path; often a little brook rushed underneath the planks, toward the reservoir, where was heard the hollow groaning of the pumping-machine. Glittering drops hung on the walls, sparkling strangely in the light of the lamps which the guide and the gentlemen carried. Soon they saw the work itself, the careful cutting of the blue clay, which, as in that at Brusterort, was searched thoroughly for amber. Max had permission to take a spade, and to appropriate all the amber he might find. To his regret he found only small pieces.

After wandering about for an hour and a half, they returned to the daylight, where they examined the delivery-wagons, which had brought the clay to the surface; turning on a self-acting axle, they let it fall through a sieve. While a large quantity of small pieces of amber were thus obtained, the smallest slipped down unregarded and were washed away to the sea, forming a thick shining crust, yellow as gold, along the shore.

The boys collected a few pieces, and then it was time for them to go to their lodging-place.

(Continued from page 44.)

Beppo got up, wagging his tail. "Wow, wow!"

"Beppo, I wish you were a boy," said Mrs. Rachel, not understanding. "I would send you."

"Wow, wow!"

But Mrs. Rachel took no further notice of him; she had something else on her mind. It had been a hot day, and the milk had all turned; and here was Aunt Jane come to tea, and not a drop of sweet milk in the house!

"Mamma, you be Addyfy," said the baby, pulling her sunbonnet down over her eyes, "and I'll be Miss Rashall, and go kill shickens."

"Yes, dear," said her mother, smiling at the thought of her changing places with her little daughter on this busy afternoon.

Beppo lay down again, disappointed, pondering a little, but not long. "She wants the cow, and I ought to go to the pasture for her," he concluded.

A half hour later the brindle cow came running down the road, Beppo entering the yard behind her, with his head erect and tongue out, saying as plainly as a dog could, "Here is your cow!"

"Good dog! Good fellow!" cried his mistress, delighted.

And at supper-time there was plenty of sweet milk for Aunt Jane's tea.

Was n't Beppo a real help?

A LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

A Story of Thanksgiving Time.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.



HERE 'S a good time coming," sang a merry voice; and the next moment the latch was lifted, and a bright face, in a crimson hood, peered into Grandma's cosy sitting-room.

"Ah! Flossie, is that you? Come in, dear; I'm glad to see you, as I always am."

"In a moment, Grandma," said the little girl. "Wait for me, Fido; there's a good dog," —to a pretty brown spaniel by her side.

"Why not let him come in, dear?"

"He has been rolling in the snow, Grandma, and his paws are wet. I am in a hurry too," —as she shut the door. "Mamma wants me to do three errands, and be home by half-past four. I came to see how you are, and bring you some jelly, and show you my new suit. Is n't it pretty?" —and she turned round slowly — "dress and sacque and hood all to match."

"Yes, dearie; very pretty and becoming."

"And my mittens match, too, Grandma; see!" and the little girl gleefully held up both hands. "Did you ever see these before?" she asked roguishly, for the mittens were of Grandma's own knitting.

"Some very much like them, or else I dreamed them," she answered. "And Mamma made the suit herself, I suppose."

"Yes, ma'am; she would have been here yesterday, —she told me to tell you, —only she was hurrying to get it all done for Thanksgiving. She sewed the ribbons on my hood after dinner to-

day. She said I might as well put it on, and come and let you see it, and she guessed you would call me Little Red Riding-Hood, as you did when I was a baby. Fido won't try to eat you, though, Grandma!"

"No; Fido is a very good exchange for the wolf; fidelity and affection instead of selfishness and cruelty."

"And here's the basket, Grandma; a new one, see!" and Flossie's dark eyes sparkled with her delight in playing over the old story. "Red and white, with two covers, —isn't it pretty? And you'll like it now, Grandma," she added roguishly, as she lifted these, and took out a glass jar. "Not exactly cheese-cakes and a pat of butter. Mamma doesn't make butter, nor cheese-cakes either; but she does make crab-apple jelly, and knows you like it. And she makes frosted plum-cake and tinty-tonty cream-rolls. And, Grandma, shall I put these in the closet for you, so you need n't move?"

"Yes, dear; and tell Mamma they are all just as nice as can be, and will be a great treat, one and all. I'll thank her myself to-morrow."

"And, Grandma, Mamma told me to ask you if you and Auntie can be ready by nine. Frank will drive over and bring you."

"Yes, I think so; it is rather early, but we would like to make a long day of it. Must you go so soon?" —for Flossie was putting on her mittens.

"I ought to go now, Grandma; for Mamma wants errands done, you know. I've a jar of fruit and some cream-rolls in the basket for Minnie Clark; she has been sick two or three weeks. And I'm going to Mrs. Martyn's to return a book Mamma has been reading, and round by the post-office home. It is a pretty long walk, you know, all of it. Mamma is tired, sewing and cooking so much this week, and she wants me home to have tea early. She thought there would be a letter from Papa. I wish he could be at home Thanksgiving, don't you? But Mamma expects him by Christmas at farthest, and she said I had better think about that, and not what I could n't have."

And with a good-by kiss Flossie tripped away, her faithful little dog frisking and bounding at her side, and running on before in high spirits. Grandma watched them from the window, and thought what a picture they made. Snow had come early this year, and the crimson suit showed in pretty contrast with the white fields and way.

Flossie found Minnie much better; sitting up, able to see her, and very much pleased with the little gifts. Flossie chatted a few minutes, but did not stay long enough to tire her. She called at Mrs. Martyn's, and returned the book with her mother's message of thanks.

"Oh, Flossie, Flossie!" said Emily and Carrie Martyn, together, "it's such nice coasting on the hill back of the house. There's no passing there, you know, and Mother says it's quite safe. Do stay and coast an hour; you'll have time enough then to get home before dark."

Flossie hesitated only a moment.

"It is n't that; I would like to stay, and Mamma would be willing sometimes; but to-day she wants me home by half-past four, and I must go to the post-office."

"Well, just a little while then," they still urged.

"No, girls, I must not; good-by!" and Flossie, hardly sure of herself if she stayed another minute, for she dearly loved to coast, fairly ran down the path with Fido in full chase.

There was no letter. "What a pity! Mamma will be disappointed," she thought. "She was almost sure there would be one to-night. But Papa will be home by Christmas, and we shall be so happy!"

As she reached the gate, a little earlier than half-past four, Fido gave a loud, joyous bark, and rushed into the house. Who was at the window one moment, and in the porch the next? Some one that not Fido only was glad to see, — her own dear father, who had left home in feeble health months before, and for whom she knew her mother had many an anxious thought. But he had come home a month earlier than was expected, and quite well. Flossie was so glad she had not lingered. She would not have missed that hour at home for a whole winter's coasting.

After a little while, as Flossie laid aside her hood, papa noticed the new suit.

"Well, I declare," said he, "that's the prettiest one you've ever had. Put on the hood again, dear, a moment. Yes, it's very becoming. I've a good mind to have your picture taken just that way, the basket on your arm, and Fido with you, and call you 'Little Red Riding-Hood' ever after. What do you say?"

Flossie sometimes could hardly tell whether papa was in fun or earnest.

Teachers' Department.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

(Continued from page 40.)

But not only do we try to brighten our services, we try to *deepen* them, by calling attention to the sentiment of the hymns, and by reverence in the responses and prayers.

An important means of interesting those who come, is to recognize their presence by the reading of the secretary's report. At the close of the opening service, the secretary hands to each teacher her class-book (we use the one published by the Universalists), containing the class-collection envelope (Tomlinson's, published by the Congregationalists). The teacher calls the roll of her class the first thing, — the scholars, if present, answering "present" if they have only come to Sunday-school, and answering "both" if they were also at church. If they are only at Sunday-school the teacher makes one horizontal mark (—); if they were also at church she makes two parallel marks (=) in the proper space opposite the name. Then the class-envelope is passed, and each drops his contribution into it. The teacher, or a class secretary, makes a summary of the attendance, counts the money, and enters the sum in the space for that Sunday on the back of the envelope, and placing the envelope in the book lays both one side, where the secretary can get them without disturbing the class. The secretary then gathers them up, enters the footings into his book (we find the book issued by the Congregationalists, and prepared by C. D. Meigs, of Indianapolis, the best), and at the close of the school is prepared to give his report. The following is the report for the first Sunday in last March: —

Officers and teachers present	19
Scholars (three new)	121
Visitors	10
Total	150
Of whom 79 were at church.	
Contribution	\$3.44
Exercises usual. Weather cloudy.	

Once a month a report for the preceding month is read. These reports, though a very simple measure, we find very helpful in keeping an interest in attendance.

Thus, the two suggestions offered as to how to secure a larger membership in our schools are these two very simple ones: 1. *Keep the Sunday-school constantly before the people.* 2. *Make the school interesting to those who come.*

II. The second question is: HOW SHALL WE SECURE REGULARITY OF ATTENDANCE.

Probably the best methods are those already suggested as to securing membership; for a school that is kept constantly before the people so that they come to it, and that succeeds in interesting those who do come, is likely to have regularity in attendance. But there are special methods.

1. *Make public recognition of regularity.* Once a month our secretary reports those classes in which every member has been present every Sunday of the preceding month, and *each Sunday* he mentions those classes all whose members are present. Once a quarter, and certainly once a year, some recognition should be made of those who have not missed a Sunday for all that time. In one Sunday-school (Buffalo, N. Y.) those who have been present all the year are presented, in a body, with a fine large engraving, their names printed on a card being in the frame. These in turn present the picture to the school, and it is hung upon the walls as their gift, and as a permanent record of their regularity.

2. Another method we find useful is to *follow up and inquire after the absent ones.* Our corresponding secretary places in each class-book before it is given out on Sunday a slip which reads as follows: —

*Sunday-school of the Third Religious Society in
Dorchester.*

Class No. Teacher.

TO THE TEACHER:

Please write in the blanks below the names of all scholars absent from your class to-day. If possible, call upon or write to them before next Sunday. If you will promise to do this, write "Yes" in the right-hand column opposite their names. If not, write "No." Report all cases of sickness at once to the superintendent.

Please sign and return this report every Sunday, whether there are any absences or not.

The corresponding secretary takes these slips from the class-books when they come back, and looks them over. If the teacher has written "yes" opposite the name of an absent scholar, no further attention is paid to it; for if the teacher will write to or visit the absent ones, then the very best thing will have been done. But if the teacher has written "no," and if the absence occurs two Sundays in succession, a card is sent by mail to the absent one, which reads as follows: —

SUNDAY-SCHOOL OF THE THIRD RELIGIOUS SOCIETY,
DORCHESTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I notice that you have been absent from our Sunday-school several times, and this is sent to remind you that you are missed. We are trying in every way we can to make the Sunday-school pleasant and profitable; but we shall fall short of our aim if we fail to interest you. Your regular attendance is a help to your teacher, your classmates, and your superintendent, more so than you can know. If you are sick, please let us know it. If you are able to come, we hope to see you with us next Sunday.

Your friend, WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

The assistant secretary has a book, alphabetically arranged, in which she has entered the name and address of every member of the school. This is of service, not only to her in sending out these and other notes, but in enabling the pastor and Hospitality Committee of the church to find families, who from sending their children to our school may themselves be brought into closer relation to the church itself.

And so, under this second head, of securing regularity, two suggestions are offered, —

1. *Recognize regularity of attendance* by reports read or printed.

2. *Follow up, and inquire after, the absent ones.*

Finally, let me quote from one to whom I am continually indebted for inspiration and methods, and whose success has been remarkable: —

"After all the machinery that can possibly be put into a school has been put there, if there is not the oil of love on all the bearings, and the spirit of God in the wheels, it will be but a creaky, profitless affair at best. Let us remember that nothing ever did or ever will replace downright honest love to God, downright honest love for souls, and downright honest hard work."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

MANY items of interest, including reports of the fourth and fifth of the Channing Hall Meetings, are unavoidably crowded out of this number.

At the November meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union, Mr. William H. Baldwin read a paper on "Systematic Discipline in the Sunday-school," which was followed by an interesting discussion.

THERE is an increase both in the attendance and the interest at the Channing Hall Teachers' Meetings in Boston.

In Providence, R. I., a similar meeting of teachers and others is regularly held on Saturday afternoons. This is a union meeting of the four Unitarian Sunday-schools in that city. The attendance is over seventy, of which number more than forty are Sunday-school teachers. The Lessons used are those on the Gospel of Luke, issued by the Sunday-School Society.

THE Sunday-School Meeting in Philadelphia, in connection with the session of the National Conference of Churches, was well attended. The meeting, however, began twenty minutes after the appointed time. Some of the papers were too long, and much of the speaking was not heard, owing, we are told, to the poor acoustical properties of the church. The meeting, moreover, came at an hour when many ladies were obliged to be present at another meeting held in the Academy of Music, and several persons had to leave before it was over in order to be ready for the evening meeting at the Academy. Much regret was felt that Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, declined to speak, owing to the lateness of the hour when he was called upon.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.